

## NO. 411

**Bacon! Bacon!!**  
**1000** lbs. Fine BACON and  
 some LARD, for sale  
 TAYLOR, HARRIS & CO.  
 4001/

credit, and not money. To those who are

that the average does, in point of fact, amount to 7 or 8 per cent; and this I maintain, is but a fair remuneration, under all the circumstances. For, be it remembered, that the moneyed interest is a *risk*, and that the banking system, its structure, is also a unit. Now if the moneyed interest, dispensing with the use of the banking system, were to lend its whole capital in specie, it would receive 6 per cent. by way of interest, in addition to its principal, all in hard money, and undepreciated in value. But would 6 per cent. be an equal compensation, if by wear and tear, in the use of the borrower, the principal had been reduced in value, by one or two per cent? Can it be an equal compensation, when made by a process which multiplies the currency, increases competition among buyers, raises

What would be the effect, should every wealthy man in the community withdraw himself from all connexion with the banks, all in all his debts, and resolve henceforth to receive and to lend nothing but hard money? An earthquake would be harmless in comparison with such calamity. The fate of Sodom would be a happy escape from it.

The political economist understands these matters perfectly—much better than the Utilitarian. What a pity that he does not use his penny magazines to explain them to his many headed pupil, instead of securing his pupils to bite the hand that feeds him.

A gentleman of fortune whose money sitting talents had been but little aided by early education, was told that the small pox was prevalent, and he exclaimed:—  
"Well I declare, Dr. R—— shall examine all my children this very day."



From the Richmond Whig.  
MODERN DEMOCRACY.

Nothing could exceed, in point and accuracy of delineation, the description given by Mr. Tallmadge, of the "Democracy" about which we have heard so much since Jacksonian and Jacksonian became synonymous terms. This graphic picture was drawn by Mr. T. at the close of his powerful speech in reply to Messrs. Wright, Donnan and Strong, when it was proposed to repeal the principal features of the despotic law. Let the reader note dispassionately the positions here taken, and see if they are not true to the life.

Mr. President, said Mr. Tallmadge, the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Strong) has this morning moved over the legislation, the effect of the diagrammatic position of the Democratic party, as he is pleased to term those who with him are attempting to carry out the principles of Ultra Federalism of '33. He has declared that they have been beaten in their project, and brought in this horrible proposition, because they have been abandoned by a fragment of their friends. But they have abandoned the fragment, and not the fragment them; this fragment, as the Senator is pleased to call it, is where it always has been. It will remain upon the firm basis of principle, and there let it remain forever. It remains where General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, and all their friends were but a short time since. It is they, that have been thrown from this granite base where they have so long reposed. Ultraism, like a volcano in the physical world, has destroyed the "attraction of cohesion," and precipitated them to the dark abyss in which the Senator now finds himself, and from which he will be unable to emerge. They have abandoned the old and broken tenet of principle marked out by the Sages of Jefferson and Madison, and followed the derisive and winding ways of new adventurism in the science of political economy and practical finance. They have entered upon a Quixotic expedition to reform the currency of the country, and after all their toil and trouble, like the knight of the Round Table, they find themselves sitting against windmills. Sit, it is they, and not we, who have abandoned and gone off. Had the President recommended the revival of the State Bank deposit system, we should have been nothing from the Senator from North Carolina, or from any colleague about this Sub-Treasury scheme. All the friends of the Administration, with perhaps, two or three exceptions, would have united most cordially with us to aid the banks in the redemption of specie payments, to revive the business and to restore the prosperity of the country. The magic influence of the Executive recommendation, like the wind of Prospero, would have allayed the tempest that was raised, and all would again have been peace and quiet. I implore an honest witness for the course he has taken. I know how ardently and impermissibly the wind is drawn into the support of Executive measures, in spite of its own convictions. Executive influence comes not in, "Like the sweet south, that breathes upon a bank of violets,"

but "stirring and giving odors," but robbing it of its high name of accountability, and giving a delicious falsehood of that fruition which always attends the successful issue of every "entired expedient." Mr. S., I implore an honest witness. But I would be permitted to express my unqualified belief, that but for the unfortunate recommendation of this measure by the President, we should now be acting in harmonious concert for the common interests of our common country. Instead of this, the Senator from North Carolina is determined to "stick or swim" with the President—and however deep this Sub-Treasury mill stone round his neck may sink him, he seems to say:—

"I'll sink him deeper than a plummet sounding. And with him there he maddens."

Mr. President, these experiments and "entired expedients" are what have the Senator from North Carolina has been so lately, have well nigh ruined the country. At all events, they have given a shock to its business, and a blow to its prosperity, which it will take a long time to repair. But for the respective energies of our people, a half a century would not suffice to restore our credit and our institutions to that proud height from which they have been precipitated by a weak or wicked administration of the Government. And yet, we were told the other day by the Senator from Missouri, that the experiments had triumphed! They had triumphed, because the banks of New York had resumed specie payments! Sir, these banks resumed in spite of your experiments; and but for the hostile position of the Government, they could have resumed as well in February as in May, when foreign exchange was so reduced as to remove the fear of specie being taken from the country. Your experiments compelled them to curtail their circulation, and reduce their discounts to a ruinous extent, in order to be prepared even for a nominal resumption; and still we have, with an exulting air, that the experiments have triumphed! They have triumphed over a cut under an exhausted resumption. They pumped out the air till she felt that vitality itself was departing, when, by the very instinct of her nature, she put her paw upon the aperture, through which her life was ebbing, and philosophy was left to conjecture how much more she could have borne. So with these modern experiments in currency and finance. The country has borne with their operations, till it has become exhausted, and with an instinctive and convulsive throes, has bowed itself from their fatal grasp. And yet, the experiments have triumphed! And the Senator from North Carolina measures over the loss of these democratic measures, whose enemies would have distinguished the last ray of hope, and driven the mercantile and business community to utter despair. God deliver us from such democracy! A democracy which concentrates all power in the hands of one man—a democracy which subjects the opinions and actions of party followers to his will, and to his will alone—a democracy which makes the great and paramount interest of the country subservient to the law and grinding power of party—a democracy which permits no action on any question, however urgent the necessity may be, without orders from his quarters—a democracy that appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, instead of enlightening their judgments, and relying upon their reason and their patriotism—a democracy which attempts to set one class of the community against the other as if their interests were not reciprocal and identical—a democracy which denies to every man the right to think and act for himself on the great questions in which the vital interests of the country are so deeply involved—a democracy which attempts, by party drill and party discipline, to subvert the very spirit of the Constitution, to subvert the will of the Representative to the will of the Executive, to compel him to act contrary to his own opinions, against his own judgment, in violation of his own conscience, and in open defiance of the approved will and wishes of his constituents—a democracy which extends its influence from the seat of the General Government to the respective States, which swallows up the re-

turned rights of the States in the consolidation of the central power—a democracy, in short, which establishes in the heart of the country the most perfect despotism under the disguise of free institutions.

You, Mr. President, seek in the Democracy of this federal administration—an administration that has adopted the ultra federalism of "the reign of terror," and now change upon its former friends the aims of its own administration. Sir, the people of the United States cannot be deceived by these vain and hollow promises. Democracy, like monarchy, will be known by its fruits. The bitter fruits of this administration have already ripened sufficiently to indicate the loss on which they grow—and the people have long since tasted enough to enable them, like our first parents, to distinguish between good and evil. Sir, the contest which is now waged, is to determine the future character of our Government. Ours is now a contest between the question of the independence of the legislative branch, and also that of the supremacy of the people over the Executive will. As these shall be determined, so will the character of our Government be. This contest will form a new epoch in our annals, and the future historian, with the "human philosophy of Gibbon," will date from this period the rise or fall of our Republican institutions.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

Mr. Clay in Tennessee.—Nothing can be more certain than that of the popularity of Mr. Clay in the West and Southwest is increasing with the most astonishing strides. A proof of this lately occurred in Tennessee, which is worth a special notice.

A meeting of the "original friends of Judge White" opposed to Mr. Clay, was called at Shelbyville, Bedford county, with a view of obtaining an expression of opinion hostile to the latter gentleman. The resolutions were all cut and dry, the chairman appointed, and two Van Buren orators addressed the meeting for four weary hours. The question was about to be taken, when Gen. Daniel Barringer, a distinguished and sterling Whig, formerly a member of Congress from North Carolina, arose, and respectfully directed the attention of the people to the nature of the movement which they were called upon to make. He briefly explained the motives of the organization of the meeting, exposed their inconsistency, and made innumerable of their resolutions. Loud buzzes rang through the house as his remarks, and ere he had become warmed with the subject, the people gathered around him with the most enthusiastic interest. The Nashville Whig states that this defence of Mr. Clay was brilliant and triumphant.

The warm applause with which the remarks of Gen. B. were received stung the Locofoco to madness. The chairman abruptly abandoned his post, the leaders of the meeting called upon their followers to accede, and so! about fifteen persons left the meeting, leaving behind them by far the larger portion. The people insisted that Gen. B. should proceed, which he did with the most triumphant success. At the close of his speech, he demanded whether they would "stick to the Whig cause and Henry Clay." Every voice responded "ay!" The scene was then called for, but not a tongue responded. Mr. Clay's strength and popularity far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

Ascending Transaction.—The federal Vanities assert that their Sub-Treasury system, is now and has been in partial operation since May 1837. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Mr. Cambresing,) when he brought forward his Sub-Treasury bill in the House, thus exultingly expressed himself: "Suppose we reject this bill and go home; does the Sub-Treasury cease? No, sir, it must continue now, the law of the land, and will continue through 1838, '39, '40, and '41, in spite of all the lamentations here or elsewhere." This was the arrogant language employed towards the Representatives of the American people, by one speaking for the Executive and Treasury Department! But, to a Sub-Treasury transaction, and let every freeman and patriot ponder it well.

Major Brant of the Quartermaster's Department, who was recently promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy, and connected by marriage with Colonel Benton of the Senate, we learn from Philadelphia was recently in that city, (we presume on his way to St. Louis,) with a Treasury warrant for thirty thousand dollars on the Mint, at that place, payable in American gold!! What means this incurring of expense and risk of transporting gold to Missouri. Is there no specie in the land offices of the Western States? We venture to express the belief that there is an abundance of it, even at the Land Offices in Missouri, and probably in the Bank of Missouri at St. Louis, at the credit of the Government. We have heard, within a few weeks past, that the Treasury Department had given six months credit on its specie drafts, drawn on some of the Ohio Land Offices, to be paid here in specie, at the end of that term. Behold it is now sending gold from Philadelphia to the West! Why, and for what purpose has it been sent? We have been told through the columns of the Globe some scores of times, that Treasury notes in the West were worth more than specie, for the purpose of remittance. Why were they not sent, if funds are wanted in the West; and thereby obtain for the Government the premium they would command! and also, save to it the expense and risk of transporting gold! We all know, that the Quartermaster's drafts on the Department payable in Philadelphia, or New York, would command a premium of one per cent. in St. Louis, payable in specie. Then, we inquire again, why was the gold sent, at an expense and risk for the public? Was it that a

certain prophecy may be fulfilled, made two or three years since, that the issue would speedily arrive, when gold would flow in the river Mississippi, and through the intestines of the long million parcels of the farmers who inhabit the great valley that bears its name? Or was it for the purpose of proving to the people of Missouri, when their election takes place next month, that the long promised Golden Era has at length, and on that particular occasion, arrived, to bless their State and secure unalloyed happiness to its citizens?

If such deeds take root in the soil, what will not follow in the green leaf of Sub-Treasury existence!

The Sub-Treasury plan is in partial operation—this transaction is one of the fruits of it! It is carrying out the doctrine of the address of the loco-foco committee, published in the Globe of the 17th inst., that "the government only desires to manage its own business in its own way." Let the scheme be put in full and complete operation by the passage of the bill, so as, in the language of the President, to "give to the Government that entire control over its own funds which I desire," and we have an example in this single transaction of what would follow. We do not doubt, that a scene of profligacy and prostitution in the use of the public money, for the advancement of the corrupt purposes and views of ambitious aspirants, would succeed, without a parallel in the annals of history.

Let the people forewarn and forewarn themselves by this example.—Mediaman.

On passing up the Mississippi a few days ago, we had among our passengers two friends journeying to the far west; one much reduced by sickness, the other an active, noble hearted, hot headed Kentuckian, who, during our passage, had been voraciously in his attention to his debilitated companion. We stopped for food; our Kentucky friend bounded on shore, and was not again seen until the plank was being hoisted on board, and the signal made for our departure. We then beheld him issuing from behind a pile of wood, a bundle dangling from one hand, and with the other dragging a half starved, unwilling cur, (a grape vine having been well secured around his neck,) who with his forepaws extended, was literally plunging up the mud, vainly resisting the power of our athletic companion. All gazed with astonishment, but none thought it advisable, under his present excitement, (for he appeared in a boiling rage,) to inquire the cause of his absence and strange reappearance. He directed his course to the cabin, where the invalid was reclining, and forgetting in his fury how brittle were the contents of his bundle, pitched it on the table, exclaiming, "there are your eggs," and "here," jerking forward the miserable looking dog, "here's my change." A general laughter followed this exclamation, nor could the good hearted fellow himself refrain, when beholding the havoc he had made, for the broken eggs were now streaming from the table, and his hungry cur was most voraciously devouring the luxurious meal. His story was short; he had gone to purchase eggs for his companion; a five dollar note was the smallest he had, the eggs cost 75 cents, and when he presented his bill, the woodman told him he had no other change than a litter of pups, too young to be taken from the slut, or the dog, which had afforded us so much amusement. And "what's his name" said one—he had not heard it. An old negro, privileged alike from his age, and the length of time he had navigated the river stood in one corner enjoying the scene, and when no response was made to "what's his name," said, (very respectfully though) "puss, puss, call me Van Buren Currency." Cuffee's suggestion was adopted, and the miserable cur will go thus stigmatized to his grave.—New York Star.

Negro Gallantry.—The buck negroes of the North are coming on pretty fair in paying their addresses to the white ladies. A person who was present at the burning of the Abolition Hall in Philadelphia, tells of a dark Lothario who spruced up to a beautiful white young lady, apparently of the first respectability, who happened to be unattended—and, making his most condescending kind of a bow, he addressed her thus: "Miss Sarah, we had do generous honor to accompany you to do home ob your fathers, and purtict you from do fierce recity ob do children ob do debil—I are a believer in do union ob colors, and shall always go for do noxious principle ob malignancy. Your arm Miss; I be descended from do berry first families ob do St. Baboons in Florida." True to her principles, Miss Sarah resolutely took his arm, held on to it "like grim death to a dead negro," and they stalked off together from the crowd, as much pleased to all appearance with each other, as old mother Eve and the Outrag Outang were.—N. O. Picayune.

A certain gentleman of the law, in the state of New York built an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically; the lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put out his head and addressed them, what do you stand there for like a pack of easy blockheads gazing at my office? do you take it to be a church? One of them replied: why indeed I was thinking so, till I saw the devil put his head out of the window.

Arbitrators.—Several of the leading Whig members of Congress, and other persons, in a recent issue of the Tribune, have been designated as "Whig arbitrators," by the Treasury papers of that date, one of the Whig editors has answered the libel in a manner equally summary and satisfactory.

"When, with you, the leading Whigs of Ohio! With scarcely a solitary exception, they were all boys, both could swim, and therein upon the world in early life, to struggle against and against by themselves. Such were Messrs. Vance, Brown, Manning, Cassius, and a host of the distinguished men of the State.

True! General Harrison's birth was "Harrison"—he was a son of the Signer of the Declaration; and he was aided by his friends in developing an ambition. But how the application of wisdom came! With his landmark on his back, a youth in his term, he crossed the Alleghenies, sought the camp of Wayne, and, from that hour to the present, shared the dangers and perils of the hard-ship of a frontier life. What a "hardship" he!

There is Thomas Tilton, when the Whigs of Ohio delight to honor! He is the son of a poor tavern keeper, residing in an adjoining county. In his youth he did the business of the stable—sitting the occupation of the hatter and the servant, for many years. Feeling an intellectual poet within, he fancied that he was fashioned to move in a higher orbit. Determining to possess himself of "the power of knowledge," he left home for the Kanawha salt works, where he chopped wood for money, doing as much in one day as was usually done in three. From the salt works to the halls of learning—chosen by rapid strides to the Senate chamber! What a "hardship"!

Then there is Corwin—who commenced his life splitting rails and building worn fences! And now he is pure to the president in the land! "The hard" of mind!

ASSAULT UPON THE NAVY.

The two last numbers of the Official Government paper contain an outrageous and deliberate and cold-blooded attack upon the Officers of the Navy of the United States. They are charged, for instance, with "a total want of that esprit du corps, without which there can be nothing high and noble in the profession of arms;" with "a mean and pitiful jealousy, equally degrading to the man and to the profession, precluding all claims of officers;" with a disposition, "in too many of the young officers," to "shrink from service;" with the "absence of all spirit" with "a sordid spirit—an itching, grasping, monopolizing spirit," &c.

It is impossible to repress one's indignation at this venomous assault upon a body of men, than whom as a class, none can be more entitled to their country's respect and affection than the officers of our Navy. Is so man's reputation to shield him from the titles of the Government press? Is no elevation of character to be safe from the malignity of this organ of the Executive? Are honor, civility, faithful service, private worth, to afford no protection to the gallant officers of our Navy, but their feelings must be incensed, and their reputation lashed and bowed with the butcher's knife of this columnarist "by authority?" Will not the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy, with the sanction of well-bred gentlemen, disclaim and disown the wholesale slander of a gallant corps, whose situation peculiarly entitles them to have their feelings respected, at least by those who stand to them in the relation of official superiors? Surely they will. They owe it to their own characters to do so.—Nat. Intelligencer.

A New Question.—Application was made to the late Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Ohio, for an injunction to restrain the State of Ohio from throwing a dam across the Maumee river, which it seems is necessary in carrying out her system of canals. The ground of the application is, that the Ordinance of 1787 "declares the Maumee to be a navigable river," and that the proposed dam is likely to destroy or injure its navigation. It is contended that the ordinance is paramount to the Constitution, and of course to any law that may be passed by the Legislature. The Court considering the question new and important, held the application under advisement.—Nat. Int.

Another Promising Sub-Treasury.—We are informed, says the Detroit Daily Advertiser, by a gentleman who is ready to vouch for its truth, that Abner C. Benson, appointed a Deputy Collector and Inspector of the customs in the St. Joseph district, is the late Warden of the New Hampshire State Prison, who abandoned after involving the State in a loss of some twenty thousand dollars, carrying away the books and vouchers belonging to the prison. Surely the people of St. Joseph must feel highly complimented at this gracious transfer of one of Isaac Hill's pet sub-treasurers to their own good neighborhood.

When Mr. Adams visited his home at Quincy, for a few days, during his presidency, the blackguard Jackson prints advertised him as a runaway. But as Whig press retorts the vulgarity Mr. Van Buren encouraged, now that he has left his duties at Washington, to bury, if he can, the mortification of his late defeats and disgraces, said the revelries of the Virginia Springs.—Salem Gazette.

Prentiss has received a copy of the work entitled "Living without means," which he intends presenting to the General Government.

AN ADVERTISING NARRATIVE.  
The following very touching and interesting narrative of the career of a poor American, is from the columns of the Tribune.

The sinking of the hull and the passing of the primeval death, as have been known to the man, and among them Mr. Martin, his wife and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain himself, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years caught hold of him by the leg, and he too was sustained, until Mr. M. passed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be an able swimmer. Mr. M. then told him to hold him to the fragment which the boy readily acceded to. Mr. M. was now able to breathe his whole strength in sustaining his wife, whom, to his horror, he felt himself clasp from behind, against the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to enable Mr. M. that the grasp of the man would drown them all, and telling his wife that he would be the man without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push towards it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the meantime his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself so exhausted, utterly unable to gain a footing from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr. M. had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last—the only report remaining. They went down together, and the man retained hold before Mr. M.'s breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again, but on looking around he could discover neither his wife nor his child, nor the boy! What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not, but he neither heard nor saw any more.

A Hint for warm weather.—Somewhere in Java, or in other eastern regions, the aboriginal legislators, while holding a "plover," keep themselves cool by a device the might perhaps be advantageously adopted in Congress during warm weather. A jar sufficiently large, and filled with cold water, is provided for each member, who goes into it during the session, and sits out the hour of adjournment, immersed to the neck in the tranquillizing fluid. The members taken are therefore calm and deliberate, and the debates are likewise free from heat and ill-temper.—The Japanese cannot lash themselves into a fury by violent gestulation, for any attempt at making a splash would probably result in being split. Thus, these cold-water jars have a tendency to prevent all jarring of a warmer and more disagreeable nature. Under these arrangements the philosophy of the House might perhaps require alterations. Instead of being "out of order" a gentleman might be told that he was "out of water," and instead of ordering him to "take his seat," the member might be required to "get into his jar." The effect, likewise, of many diversified countenances protruding from the cruckery could not be otherwise than picturesque and entertaining. Lyeurgus is a peepkin would surely be an imposing as Diogenes in a tub.—Pennsylvania.

National Characteristics.—"England," the Temps (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal cooking house. France, is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenter's yards. Poland is a sandy beach—Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is a chelet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for spectacles. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till fall. Spain is a till empty."

The way to feel rich, or rather to be so.—Never want any thing but what you must have, and never buy any thing but what you want. Own no man any thing, but be content to have a little of something in your pocket: or as Franklin would say, always be prepared for a rainy day. The man who has but little, and is content with that, is richer than he who has abundance yet wants more. The rich fear poverty more than the poor. Riches do not make rich.

In the window of a shop in a country town is a jar labelled "The Tailor's Delight." A knight of the Thimble, anxious to know of what the contents consisted, an enquiry found it to be pickled cabbage!







# POETRY

## MY NEW COAT AND BREECHES

My new coat! my new coat and breeches I long,  
And my collar of blue and white,  
Oh! give me but these and I'll care no more  
And get through the world with a right.  
I mark on a promenade up and down the street,  
The smile that adorns each fair face,  
And hear them exclaim, "Oh! how beautiful  
Is that coat!"  
"How good!" "What a form!" and what  
grace!"  
Yes, my new coat and breeches, and collar and  
white,  
Shirt, waistcoat and stockings, I've seen;  
From waistcoat to stockings I have seen light,  
Oh! with these I'm the "tip of the toe."  
At the front door that the town can afford,  
I live like a Prince—without pay!  
For a gentleman never is counted for his board,  
Till he's ready to go away.  
To the very best circle I have gained access,  
To "society," a fine, rare set;  
Till I found my old rags, and dressed up new  
ones,  
Oh! my new coat and breeches did all.  
At the altar of love had I stood till doomsday,  
I had gained not a smile to my suit;  
But my new coat and breeches were against the  
way.  
To an angel, an heiress to boot,  
In love's sacred words, I say this one addressed,  
The vision of my new coat and breeches;  
The angel smiled, and blushed, then freely  
consented,  
That in love's willing chain I had bound her.  
We eloped, and got married;—here ends my  
short tale,  
And a useful moral it teaches;  
That if vice will ever prompt where virtue would  
fail,  
Just give it a new coat and breeches.  
J. S. K.

## WHAT IS CHARITY?

"To not know when of my debt,  
A trampling brother stands,  
To ask the same that made him poor,  
Or why he help demands."  
"To not to spare that brother's prayer,  
For faith he had once known;  
To not to leave him in despair,  
And say that there's none."  
The value of charity is high,  
The richest blessing wrong!  
To every soul the warmth of love,  
No wealth with her tongue.  
In peace she plants faith,  
Hope smiles at her door,  
Relieve first, then softly teach,  
Go, brother—do no more.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE VOW—A Northern Tale. FROM THE GERMAN.

In an ancient heathen era of the Saxons,  
There happened once a great war with the  
Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who  
had counselled it, now, in the hour of  
conflict, stood at the head of his people.  
There flew the arrows and the javelin;  
There glowed many valiant blades on both  
sides; and there shone many a bright gold  
shield through the dark fight. But the  
Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and  
were already so far driven back, that the  
storming of a steep height could deliver the  
army and the country, disperse the enemy,  
and change a ruinous and destructive flight  
into a decisive victory.  
Adalbero conducted the attack. But in  
vain he forced his fiery charger before the  
squadron; in vain he shouted through the  
field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fa-  
therland!" in vain streamed his blood, and  
the blood of his foe, over his resplendent  
armor. The ponderous mass gave way;  
and the enemy, secure on the height, re-  
joiced in their decided victory. Again,  
rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant war-  
riors; again the faint hearted fell behind;  
and again the enemy rejoiced.  
"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again  
he shouted, "Forward and we conquer, I  
vow to the gods, to set fire to the four  
corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth  
one bright funeral pile, in honor of our  
victory and of our deliverance."  
Again the attack was renewed, but again  
the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth  
shouts of joy.  
Then cried Adalbero aloud before the  
whole army, "If we return victorious from  
this charge, ye Gods, I devote myself to  
you as a solemn sacrifice!"  
Shuddering, the warriors hastened after  
him,—but fortune was still against them;  
the holdest fell—the bravest fled. Then  
Adalbero, in deep affliction, called the scat-  
tered band; and all that remained of the  
great nobles collected around him, and spoke  
thus:—  
"Thou art our ruin; for thou has counsel-  
led this war."  
Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself  
I have devoted to the gods of victory and  
what can I care?"  
The multitude called only the more  
to him "thou art our ruin; for thou hast  
counselled this war."  
Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and  
implored the Mighty God of Thunder to  
piece it with a thunderbolt, or to give the  
victory to his army. But there came no  
bolt from Heaven, and the squadron stood  
timid, and followed not the call.  
In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said,  
"There remains only that which is most  
dear to me. Wife and child! offer to thee,  
O God of armies, for victory. My beauti-  
ful blooming wife my only heart-loved child,  
they belong to thee, Great Ruler in An-  
gels; with my own hand will I sacrifice them  
to thee, but I implore thee, give me the vic-  
tory!"  
Scarcely were these words uttered, when  
fearful thunderings rolled over the field of

battle, and clouds gathered round the com-  
mander; and the Saxons, with fearful cries,  
advanced as with one voice. "The Gods are  
with us!" With irresistible force forward  
rushed the host;—the height was carried  
by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shad-  
ow, saw the enemy flying through the field.  
The conqueror returned home in tri-  
umph; and in all parts of beloved Saxony,  
came wives and children forth, and, with  
outstretched arms greeted their husbands  
and fathers. But Adalbero knew what  
awaited him; and every smile of an affec-  
tionate wife, pierced, as with a poisoned  
dart, his anguished heart. At last they  
came before his magnificent castle. He  
was not able to look up, as the beautiful  
Similde sat him at the gate, with her  
daughter in her hand, while the little one  
always leaped and cried, "Father, father!  
beloved father!"  
Adalbero looked round on his people, in  
order to strengthen himself; even there he  
met quivering eyelids and bitter tears;  
for among his warriors, many had heard  
his horrible vow. He dismissed them to  
their families, feeling what happy men he,  
the most unhappy, was sending to their  
homes; then rode into the castle, and send-  
ing the domestics away, under various  
pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the  
gate with a thundering sound, securing  
them carefully and pressed his beloved  
wife and child to his heart, shedding over  
them a current of tears.  
"What is the matter, husband?" said the  
astonished Similde.  
"Why do you weep, father?" stammered  
the little one.  
"We will first prepare an offering to the  
Gods," replied Adalbero, "and then I shall  
relate every thing to you. Come to me  
soon to the hearth."  
"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in  
the meantime, the implements for sacrifice,"  
said the sweet Similde; and the little one  
cried out clapping her hands.  
"I also will help; I also will be there,"  
and skipped away with her mother.  
These words, "I also will help!" also  
will be there," the hero repeated, as dis-  
tressed in grief, he stood by the flaming pile,  
with his drawn sword in his trembling hand.  
He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent  
child, and the grateful obedient wife, who  
brought the bowl and pitcher, performing  
pan and taper used in sacrifices. Then it  
passed through his mind that his vow could  
not be valid; for such sorrow could not find  
a place in the heart of a man.  
But the answer was given in dreadful  
peals of thunder down from the heavens.  
"I know said he, sighing heavily, your  
thunder has assented on, and now your thun-  
der calls on your devoted believer for the  
performance of his vow."  
Similde began to tremble as the frightful  
truth burst upon her; and, with sad tears,  
she said, "Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah!  
husband! I see no victim!—shall human  
blood!"  
Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands,  
and sobbed so fervently, that it echoed  
through the hall, and the little one terrified,  
shrank together.  
Similde knew well such vows, in ancient  
times. She looked entrancingly to her lord,  
and said, "Remove the child."  
"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured  
Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort,  
forcing back her tears, said to the little one,  
"Quick child, and bind this handkerchief  
on thine eyes, thy father has brought a  
present for thee, and will now give it thee."  
"My father looks not as if he would give  
me a present," sighed the child.  
"Thou shalt see presently," said Similde  
hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage  
over the child, she could no longer restrain  
her tears, but they fell so softly, that the  
little one knew it not.  
The affectionate mother now tore the  
drapery from her snow white bosom, and  
knocking before her sacrifice, beckoned that  
she might be the first victim.  
"Quick, only quick; whisper! she softly  
to the lingerer, "else will the poor child be  
so terrified."  
Adalbero raised the dreadful steel.—  
Then roared the thunder, and flashed the  
lightning through the building. Speech-  
less sank the three to the earth.  
As the evening breeze rushed through the  
broken windows, the little one raised her  
head from which the bandage had fallen,  
and said, "Mother, what present has my  
father brought to me?" The sweet voice  
awakened both the parents. All lived, and  
nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword  
which was melted by the avenging flash of  
Heaven.  
"The Gods have spoken!" cried the par-  
doned father; and with a gush of unutter-  
able love, the three delivered ones wept in  
each other's arms.  
Far distant, over the southern mountains  
roared the tempest, where many years af-  
terwards, St. Boniface converted unbeliev-  
ers to the true faith.  
Tuck in your Rifle.—"We have a few  
nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son  
as he came from school at 12 o'clock.  
"Thomas tucked in his rifle and took off  
his coat, and was a blacksmith until he  
stepped his dinner, and then ate it with a  
good relish. "Put on your rifle Thomas,  
it is school time now," said the father.—  
"Thomas expected it, and felt as happy with  
his rifle tucked in, as his playmates at their  
play."  
It would be no bad notion "in these hard  
times, for many a young man to tuck in his  
rifle, and swing an axe, or hold a plough,

or make a nail—for many a young man,  
when expectation of riches from the game  
of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a  
living in some calling which the world con-  
siders less but pays better—some humble oc-  
cupation which while it holds out no dis-  
tinct hope of immense wealth by a single  
speculation, assures him of food and rai-  
ment.  
We would here recommend Agriculture,  
in a special manner. Not such farming as  
consists in first running in debt for land and  
mortgaging them back for payment; then  
borrowing money to put up fine buildings,  
and then hiring men to carry on the farm.  
No! this is not the way. But lay your  
own shoulder to the wheel—tuck in your  
rifle and earn your bread by the sweat of  
your brow. It will be the sweetest you ev-  
er ate.  
RECIPTS.  
For Cramp or Colic.—The white of an  
egg frothed, a table spoonful of brandy to a  
wineglass of hot water, mixed and grated  
plentifully with nutmeg. It is infallible.  
To Prevent Tooth Ache, Ague and Sore  
Throat.—Wash the back part of your head  
and neck every morning in cold water—  
the colder the better, and afterwards rub  
them with a towel and you will seldom, per-  
haps never, be troubled with a painful affec-  
tion of the teeth or throat.  
Penny Royal.—Farmers might easily  
save the flesh of horses and cows, and con-  
fer a great kindness on their animals in  
preventing the usual annoyance of flies, by  
simply washing the parts with penny royal.  
Flies will not light a moment on the spot  
to which this has been applied. Every  
man who is compassionate to his beasts,  
ought to know this simple remedy, and ev-  
ery lively stable and country inn ought to  
have a supply on hand for travellers.  
Something New.—It is stated that Cay-  
enne Pepper, mixed with Indian meal is ex-  
cellent food for Turkeys. The Turkeys  
raised by this process are more hardy, less  
liable to perish from the cold storms and  
wet weather, and acquire their growth at  
an earlier period, than those that are reared  
upon the ordinary food.  
Why are ladies' gowns about the waist,  
like a Camp Meeting? Because there is so  
great gathering there.  
D. L. M'KAY  
RESPECTFULLY informs his  
friends and the public, that  
he is now ready to attend to re-  
ceiving and forwarding GOODS to  
the interior.  
Shipping Cotton, &c.  
He will make liberal advances on all kinds of  
produce sent him for sale or shipment.  
Intending to devote himself exclusively to this  
business he flatters himself that he will be able to  
give satisfaction.  
Georgetown, & C. July 15, 1838. 413  
Steamboat Anson.  
THIS new and sub-  
stantial Steam Boat,  
Coppered and Copper fasten-  
ed, built expressly for the  
trade between this place, and Georgetown and  
Charleston, will in a very short time be in readi-  
ness to receive freight.  
Shippers are confidently assured that in case  
of a low river their goods will not be detained,  
as a sufficient number of lighters have been pro-  
vided to insure the delivery of goods, directed to  
be shipped by this boat.  
J. ELI GREGG, President  
Merchants' and Planters' S. S. Company,  
Charleston, July 25, 1838. 412  
McDUFF  
WILL be in Charleston 3  
days in each week, viz:  
On Monday, Tuesday and Wed-  
nesday, and the balance of his  
time at People's Store, until the  
Fall Session commences, which will be the first of  
September.  
For further particulars, enquire at the Messian  
House.  
July 11, 1838. WM. F. JOHNSON. 404  
WILLIAM W. GRAY'S  
INFALLIBLE  
OINTMENT,  
For Ulcers, Tumors, &c.,  
Can now be obtained of the Patentee, at the  
Office of the Raleigh Register.  
Single Pot, 1 dollar.—One dozen, 9 dollars.  
WILLIAM W. GRAY.  
Raleigh, October 4th, 1836. 157  
ANOTHER GREAT CURE  
Raleigh, September 31, 1836.  
I am now 55 years of age—when in my 17th  
year, I received a wound on my left leg, which  
became ulcerated, and continued so until the first  
of March last. It would occasionally heal up  
and then break out again; but most of the time,  
it was in a very painful condition, the sore having  
extended to a large size, and became very deep.  
I tried many remedies to make a cure, without  
success, until I applied Gray's Infallible Oint-  
ment, two pots of which have effectually cured  
my leg, and relieved it to its natural state. The  
cure would have been made much sooner, had I  
strictly attended to the directions for the use of  
the Ointment; but like I failed to do, while I took  
much exercise, and very imprudently used tight  
bandages. My leg has been well for more than  
six months, during which time, I have walked  
much, yet it remains firm and free from all sore-  
ness or inflammation. After having been afflicted  
for a period of forty-one years, I now enjoy the  
benefit of a sound leg again.  
LEWIS HOLLOMAN.  
Warrant Deeds for sale at this Office.

General Election in  
Mecklenburg County.  
THE subscribers having pur-  
chased the above Machine,  
Free for the owners of this and  
other more than in all have immediate  
use, offer them for sale to the public. All who  
wish to engage in the culture of this most valua-  
ble article, would do well to make immediate ap-  
plication. As it is likely there will not be much  
time to supply the demand, as the machine is so  
disposed of as not to leave the first application will  
meet with due attention.  
JOHN A. FRITCHARD.  
Charleston, July 15, 1838. 407  
N. B. Persons wishing to see the true and  
by calling on the subscriber or his residence.  
WILLIAM A. FRITCHARD  
(and others) who have just re-  
ceived from New York a supply of  
MATCHLESS SANATIVE.  
Charleston, July 4, 1838. 406  
and expect more to the day. They intend to  
sell at a small profit, and repeat at the need  
Medicine to give them a trial. They tender their  
thanks to those who have encouraged them. They  
will receive in a short time another supply of the  
MATCHLESS SANATIVE.  
Charleston, July 4, 1838. 406  
TO THE PUBLIC.  
I HAVE received a lot of fresh Medi-  
cines, Drugs, Paints, &c., em-  
bracing every article which will be called for in my  
line. The following are a few of the articles, some  
of which have never been offered here before:  
Southern Tonic for Fever and Ague,  
Scott's Panacea, Indian Panacea,  
Irish Moss, Jap's Indian Elix.  
Laidy's Med. Sarsaparilla,  
Judson's Ointment, Purgative,  
Marshall's Syrup of Sarsaparilla,  
do Warm Syrup,  
Laidy's Blood Pills, Carmine,  
Sargenta Powders, Jintanum,  
Sedlets do Citric Acid,  
Soda do Aromatic Sella,  
Evan's Appt. Chomocite Pills,  
Carpenter's Elix. Sarsaparilla,  
do Pink Root,  
Ez. Ireland Moss,  
Job's Rheumatic Linctus,  
Nursing Bottles, Chloride of Soda,  
Tooth Brushes, very fine,  
Toilet Soap, Toilet Powders,  
Thermometers, Point Brushes, &c. &c.,  
making a more complete assortment than is usu-  
ally found in the back country. I am determined  
to sell for less money than any other person in this  
vicinity. Examine and you will find my prices  
in accordance with the above.  
R. A. WALLACE.  
Charleston, July 4, 1838. 405  
Pay your Taxes!  
THE citizens of Mecklenburg County  
are requested to give their punctual  
attendance at each and every muster ground  
on muster days, and bring with them North  
Carolina money or specie, sufficient to pay  
their Taxes for 1837—also arrears due,  
as there are many that stand unpaid. I  
will be present or some deputy to receive  
the Taxes. No excuse will be taken as to  
payment the Cash must come.  
J. McCONAUGHEY, Sheriff.  
June 20, 1838. 403  
NOTICE.  
ALL those indebted to me by Note or  
Book account, are requested to come  
forward and pay before or during the Aug-  
ust Court. In my absence Mr. A. R.  
Briard will attend in my business at my  
house.  
June 15, 1838. W. J. ALEXANDER. 394  
Strayed  
FROM the subscriber living  
7 miles above Concord, on  
the old stage road, on the first  
of April last, a bay HARE, about 5 or 6  
years old, about 14 hands high, left eye  
out and blind in her forehead and marked  
with the saddle a good deal. Any person  
taking up said Hare and giving me infor-  
mation of the same shall be liberally re-  
warded for their trouble.  
June 14, 1838. MICHAEL WALTER. 411  
Patent Steam  
FEATHER RENOVATOR  
FOR  
Health and Economy.  
THE subscribers having purchased the  
right of using the above Machine in the  
county of Mecklenburg, respectfully in-  
form their friends and the public generally,  
that they have one in operation in Charleston,  
where any one in the town or its vicinity  
can have their beds renovated. The peo-  
ple in the country are informed that they  
intend to visit every neighborhood in a short  
time, so that all may have an opportunity of  
testing its utility. For further particulars  
see handbills.  
A. MONTGOMERY.  
G. W. HOUTON.  
May 17, 1838. 397  
Notice!!  
TO avoid giving sharp notices, we will  
just say to the public and those who  
have so liberally patronized us since we  
came among you, that we are very much  
obliged to you. But you will bring us  
under still greater obligations by calling on us  
and closing your accounts with CASH.  
We have still on hand a superior  
Stock of Goods,  
which we will sell low, on time to punctual  
dealers, and still lower to such as pay cash.  
TAYLOR & CHAFFIN.  
Charleston, Jan. 16, 1838. 414  
A NEW COACH & CH-  
SHOP.  
THE subscriber would respectfully  
form the citizens of Charleston and  
surrounding country, that he has taken  
old stand, formerly occupied by Capt. J.  
Dreight, and is now prepared to carry on  
Coach Making in its various branches.  
Having purchased a stock of good material  
seasoned lumber, &c., and having had  
experience in the business, he flatters  
himself that he will be able to give satisfac-  
tion to all who may favor him with their pa-  
trons. Every effort on his part shall be  
in trying to make his work equal, if not  
superior, any made in this section of coun-  
try. REPAIRING done with neatness  
dispatch. Also, all kinds of Smith work  
done to order.  
CHARLES OVERMAN.  
June 10, 1838. 395  
N. B. Two or three apprentices of  
mechanical and industrious habits will be  
to the above business, if application be  
made.  
C. O.  
Wanted,  
2 or 3 Journeyman Cabinet Make-  
To workmen of sober and steady  
habits constant work and good wages to  
be given. No others need apply.  
JOHN F. FRITCHARD.  
Charleston, May 1, 1838. 396  
WILLIAM NEAL & CO.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
LOOKING GLASS  
No. 37, N. 5TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA  
BACK OF MERCHANT'S HOTEL.  
THE only establishment in the city  
exclusively to this business.  
Country Merchants are supplied at man-  
ufacturer's prices, and their Glasses insured from  
fire in any part of the Union, without extra  
charge. Those who may have orders for large  
Glasses, would do well to inquire as to by letter, pre-  
ferring to come on, or the size of the plate, or  
kind of frame they may want, (whether of  
Mahogany or Marble) that the article be  
manufactured expressly for the occasion.  
Merchants should give their orders to the  
Glasgow first thing on their arrival, so  
they will not get lost.  
Any Editor of a weekly paper, who will  
insert this advertisement in the amount of six  
lines, shall be paid in full in Glasgow  
manufacturer's price, which of course he  
will lose as they can be bought in the city  
at less than his bill by a number of  
wholesale Glasgow, with which he  
and forward them at our risk of loss.

Blank Bank Notes  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.